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Niagara.

PATRICK MACDONOUGH, '03.

MUSIC I've heard from tuneful chord and key
Swept by the magic of a master's hand,
And wand'ring where the western breezes fanned,
Joyed in the strain of valiant men made free.
I listening stood, to many a tidal sea,
By tropic shores and distant Europe's land,
That surging spoke in diapason grand,
Its mighty pæans to the Trinity.
But choir of waters, nobler thou than they,—
What are the fleeting notes of trump or string,
Or burning songs that rise on freemen's tongue?—
These and the chant of tides soon fade away,
While thy proud anthem to the skies doth ring,
Tireless and strong as when the world was young.

Some Facts about Journalism and Its Limitations.

JOSEPH J. SULLIVAN, 1901.



WITH the rapid rise of journalism in America, and the establishment of chairs in different universities for the teaching of this branch of knowledge, it seems that an article dealing with this kind of work and its limitations would be timely; for many a young man who intends to follow journalism as a life's work, is deceived and fascinated by the glamour that hangs over newspaper men and their Bohemian life (which does not exist). He sees the wide range of city "dailies," and he dreams of activity and power. The thought that he can write what he wishes, as he observes the conduct of life peculiar to all strata of society, developing his mind and giving him a wider experience and knowledge

of humanity, has its charm. And finally the belief that a position of this kind will bring him fame and wealth is a pleasing one.

If he has read much, the knowledge that Mr. George Ade, Mr. Julian Ralph, Mr. "Dooley," Mr. Walter Wellman and Mr. William Curtis are newspaper men will act as a spur in urging him on. In a like manner will he receive another impetus when he hears that Bret Harte, George William Curtis, Eugene Field, Marion Crawford, William Dean Howells, Rudyard Kipling, and scores of other literary geniuses, have served an apprenticeship.

Perhaps his desire for this kind of life will be further increased when it is brought to him that William Curtis draws a salary of \$15,000 a year, and that many others can name their own prices. He may know that a police reporter, of any ability, is worth from \$30 to \$40 a week to a paper; and that a very good man can command from \$50 to \$100 a week. He believes that within a short time he will know the men of prominence in the city; that he will understand politics and trade thoroughly; and then should he desire a change of occupation, many openings will be ready for him.

But the young man's dreams of a life of activity, power and prominence are shattered when he enters the newspaper office. He finds that the Bohemian atmosphere he at one time believed to be necessary for the successful newspaper man is woefully lacking. He perceives that many of the reporters are careful, persistent young men; that they demand the consideration of gentlemen, though, at times, the loud-voiced youth is among them, who takes his position as a license, and thinks that the phrase "I am a reporter," is a sesame for all information, no matter what may be its nature. He sees that the editor is a thorough business man with an eye to the daily issues and all the news that exists.

Should the youthful journalist seek a position on a daily paper, he is put doing "space." He may starve at this, or he may do fairly well. All depends on his knowledge of the city and his ability. He is called a "space" man because he draws no regular salary, but is paid according to the number of columns he fills, at the rate of \$5 a column. His work consists largely in writing up weddings, entertainments, or any "newsy" article a reporter does not get hold of.

Should he live in Chicago—perhaps the best field for this kind of work—he will in all probability start with the City Press Association. Nearly all Chicago journalists begin there, and there many of them end.

There is little sentiment in the City Press Association. Its object is to turn out news. Supported by the Chicago papers, and managed by two clever, active editors, its business is to furnish copies of every item of news coming into that office to the city daily papers. It is the best managed news bureau in the country; it has a larger corps of reporters than any city paper; and it performs its work with an energy that at times is marvelous.

When the novice is taken into the City Press Association's office he is paid a salary of \$8 a week,—“not as a salary,” the manager explains, “but as a means of covering his expenses during the time he is on probation. After two or three weeks, if he has shown any ability as a news-gatherer his pay is steadily increased until it reaches the maximum of \$29 a week. This promotion may take two or three years; that is, admitting that he becomes a very clever reporter during this period. He is told to work indefatigably until he learns how to construct a story. A story is any item of news irrespective of its length or its literary finish.

Then the necessity of being quick with the typewriter is impressed upon him; for the use of a typewriter is indispensable to a reporter. Finally, he is handed a reporter's note-book, compiled by Mr. Sayler of the City Press Association. This book is full of useful suggestions, and among other things it contains the following sentence: “Remember that the individual reporter is but a portion of one machine, the parts of which must act in concert.” So with a parting injunction to forget his academic style of writing, he is sent to “cover” the suburbs, “not by way of filling any important assignments,” the man-

ager explains, “but to put him where he will do the least harm.”

In the suburban police station he meets the reporter he is to succeed. This fellow will be brought into the city and given a better paying position. The new man may find his territory covering from 20 to 50 square miles. Any happening with news qualities that occurs there he must get. Perhaps some of the daily papers have men working in the suburbs,—clever reporters that know every foot of ground in that territory—with these he must compete.

The man he is succeeding takes him from village to village, introducing him to village presidents, editors, marshals, policemen, drug clerks; in fact, everybody in the village that may be of any service to him in furnishing him with an item of news. Then with a brain sadly bewildered by the number of things he has seen, and with a parting command to keep close watch on McFeeley of the *Post* or Van Harte of the *Tribune*, he is left to the tender mercies of people he does not know.

The following morning he finds himself a stranger among Philistines, but he determines to stand it out. At half-past nine, he calls up by telephone all the police stations in his territory to see whether or not anything of importance has occurred during the night. Then he makes the rounds of the villages, going from the police station to newspaper offices, drug shops, undertaker shops; in fact, to any place where he may get an item of news. By one o'clock he has been all over his territory. If a burglary has occurred that morning or the night before, and it contains news features, as the use of chloroform, an account of this burglary must be sent in by one o'clock, that it may catch the evening papers. But if the news is of the kind that will hold, it is written up and sent in by the five o'clock mail. At eight o'clock the reporter goes into the down-town office to make a report, and to write up any accident that may have occurred after five o'clock. There he works labouriously for two hours trying to compose and to strike the keys on a typewriter at the same time. This work proves very uncongenial.

In a short time he begins to know the people in each village that may have a story for him. Sometimes it is the Justice of the Peace, other times the village marshal or a woman gossip. He attends all village board meetings, and becomes acquainted with all matters that pertain to the village. His first four weeks have

been weeks of trials and tribulations, but now news-getting becomes comparatively easy. He discovers that McFeeley and Van Harte are not bad fellows or indefatigable workers. New confidence comes to him, and when news items grow rare he manufactures "pipes."

A "pipe" is a technical term for a story that has but little truth at its foundation, and which grows in the imagination of the writer. An instance: a reporter riding on a trolley car saw a cat pass a few feet ahead of the car and disappear in a yard on the opposite side of the street. The car passed on, but the story in the morning paper ran:

"A large Maltese cat belonging to A. E. Twining, 450 St. Charles Road, Maywood, committed suicide yesterday afternoon by throwing itself under a West Madison street trolley car. The motor man, C. S. Jennings, noticed the peculiar actions of the cat on the tracks, and he attempted to stop his car, but before he could succeed the car had passed over the animal mangleing it frightfully. It appears that the cat a week before had a litter of kittens which were drowned. Mr. Twining thinks that sorrow for the dead kittens brought on the suicide.

Another and a larger instance of a "pipe": The reporter in the Oak Park police station had no news one day, so he wrote up a long story to the effect that Lieutenant Czmock of this station, growing wroth over the large number of unlicensed dogs on the streets, had offered a prize of a shaving-mug and razor to the policeman that would bring in the largest number of dog ears as a proof of the dogs he had killed. This supposed contest began on July 10 and closed on July 15. The different newspapers spoke to the Lieutenant over the telephone and he corroborated the story. Then they ran first page column articles dealing with the warfare of the Oak Park police on Oak Park dogs. On July 14, the day before the contest closed, the reporter had two policemen far in the lead; the first Haecker with thirty-five pairs of dog ears to his credit, and the second Delano with but twenty-nine. Then he had Delano grow ambitious and shoot eight dogs that night; but the ever-watchful Haecker, not to be outdone, added two more scalps to his death list, and brought a beautiful water spaniel to the station house, stating that the "animal was so beautiful he had not the heart to kill it." The Lieutenant, touched by Haecker's goodness of heart, decided that Haecker won

the contest. When the evening papers came out on July 15, a picture of Haecker surrounded by dog ears held a prominent place on the front page, and a large account of the dog contest with the "lead," "a live dog wins the dead dog contest."

Nor did the efficacy of this "pipe" stop here, for people in Oak Park who never paid dog tax, now acknowledged that they had a dog. This furnished news. The Lieutenant received numerous letters from angry women calling him a "brute;" these were published. The humane society was called upon to begin an investigation. The hoax was explained to them, but the reporter ran his article; "that the humane society had investigated the condition of dogs in Oak Park, and that they thought the Lieutenant was justified in his conduct toward them."

These two are illustrations of "pipes." In the suburbs there is little fear of detection, and on this account "pipes" can be easily used. Besides, the papers do not object to stories of this kind, for they furnish interesting reading and cause no libel suit. However, the manager of a city daily paper will tell a reporter that he wants no "pipes," but the reporter soon discovers that if news features are not added to news items his "showing" in the morning papers will be poor.

An instance of adding "features": A drunken man reports at the police station that he has been held up and robbed of \$5. If the reporter were to publish this story as it is he would get but a poor "showing," so he proceeds to develop: The man robbed was sober; he was on his way home from business; the sum taken was \$75. The deed occurred in a crowded street and a policeman one hundred feet away; the man robbed cried for help and nobody came to his assistance; he will file charges against the police department.

All reporters do not write this way; but there are few that are not inclined to exaggerate. It is in the atmosphere. The reporter may be a conscientious worker for the first few weeks and write things as they occur; but when he comes to the down-town office and finds a number of stamped clippings waiting for him, with a request to tell why he was "scooped," he begins to write imaginative stories, like many others of his brethren. To me this request to tell why one is "scooped" has always seemed foolish, for if a person knew the reason, he would not be "scooped."

After a reporter has learned the knack of

his trade at the City Press Association he tries to get on the pay roll of one of the morning or evening papers. There are many reasons for this: the hours are not so long, the salary often higher and the office not as exacting. City press reporters begin work at 8 a. m. and finish at 6 p. m., if they are working days; and at 7 p. m. to 4 a. m. if they are doing "night police." The day work usually consists of sitting in justice courts in the morning, listening to robberies, stabbing affrays, scandals in high and low life. This stuff is disgusting for the first few days, but that feeling soon wears off. In the afternoon the reporter is put at special assignment work, as funerals, picnics, meetings, or is called upon to "interview" prominent strangers passing through the city. At this kind of work he will have every second Sunday off.

When he is doing "night police" he may find the work pleasant or disagreeable—all depends on himself. He is told to make one station house his headquarters. This is usually where the police inspector has his office. At 7 p. m. the reporter calls up his office over telephone, telling them that he is on his territory, after that the different sub-police stations, and asks "if there's anything doing." He must get around to every station in his district before 12 p. m. The police will invariably tell him that "everything is quiet," for they try to keep from the public any robbery or "hold up." Their object in so doing is to let the people think that the police are offering full protection to the citizens of the city, and that all burglars shun Chicago.

Soon the reporter discovers that he can not get any "newsy" story through the police station, so he becomes friendly with the policemen on beat, with drug clerks; in fact, with anybody he thinks can give him a "tip" on a good story. All he needs is an inkling of the facts, and he will get the rest.

PART II—ITS LIMITATIONS.

After one has been on a newspaper and learned the entire routine, becoming a valuable man to a newspaper, the question he asks himself is: "Does this position pay?"—not only from a pecuniary but from an intellectual point of view. His dreams of meeting great men may be shattered; his ambition to become as clever as George Ade or Richard Harding Davis unrealized. If he is working on a morning paper he must give up all ideas of social life. If he is doing "night police" he perceives that in order to be successful he

must become a genial fellow. He finds policemen's humour at best rough; he can not slight fellows that he would not care to meet as social equals; and thus he becomes on intimate terms with a class of undesirable persons. If his conversation heretofore has been on literary topics these must invariably give way to a story of this burglary or murder,—in a word, he must know the history of any thief of notoriety, and talk this line of talk, for the writing of such stuff brings him his bread and butter.

The tenure of his position is not fixed. He may come to work of an evening, find a new editor-in-chief in charge, and a note requesting him "to hand in his time" to the cashier. If he is "scooped" badly or has "piped" a story undiplomatically, so that the grieved party threatens a libel suit, his name is dropped from the pay roll. One Chicago daily will at times discharge a dozen men at once and take on a new set.

Perhaps he had been attracted to newspaper work by the salary paid. He soon discovers that though he draws from \$25 to \$40 a week he must spend the greater part of this by his manner of life. He may try to save, to lay aside a certain amount for a rainy day, but with newspaper men, for the most part, all days are rainy with no provision. He may even become exceptionally clever, and run a special column, as the "Line-o-Type-or-Two" in the *Chicago Tribune*, or "Alternating Currents" in the *Chicago Times-Herald*, but even then it is logical as well as human that he should not be satisfied.

His friends and his relatives think that he is a brilliant and successful man. He is called upon to write big murder mysteries and scandals. Here is where the rub comes. He knows that he has the knack of writing clever stories, yet in dealing with this murder or scandal before him, he must fashion it after the conventional style of his paper. With but an hour to write an entire column, how could he do otherwise? The first six lines must contain what is called a "lead."

The "lead" is a brief summary of the entire story; then there is a gradual explaining or adding of news "features" down to the end of the column. For instance, if a girl high in social life was drugged in a café, and came home late that night in a stupor, and soon after died, the "lead" would run: "A mystery surrounds the death of Alice Haskins. Alice Haskins, an accomplished young lady and

society favourite, living at 325, Rochambeau Boulevard, Austin, was brought home in a state of stupor at 11 o'clock last night by an unknown cabman. She was carried from the carriage by her father, and soon afterward died. The coroner's verdict was that death came from an overdose of morphine. Was she drugged or did she commit suicide? Early in the evening she was seen at Ferris wheel park with a myterious bald headed man," and thus a development for a column or two.

A reporter knowing that he could write an interesting story on a plot of this kind, one that would make his relatives think him a genius, must feel dissatisfied, for deep in his heart he must know that he is capable of better work, work that would have some literary merit. His mind is exercised during the day with this kind of trash, and when he has time for better work, his intellect has lost its free play.

True, there are exceptions,—men that can produce literary work after wading through one or two columns of murders and scandals. Again, there are others that are fascinated by this strange kind of startling news, but I am speaking of the young man whose ambition extends beyond the mere filling of newspaper columns.

Even admitting that his ability as a short story writer is recognized and he is given special work, that of producing three stories a week, ranging from one thousand to eighteen hundred words, he is dissatisfied. For as he writes these he knows that they must be light and superficial, with little plot, to amuse the ordinary newspaper reader. He believes that the life of this kind of work is but a day, and he has a desire to produce work that will live—a desire he can not satisfy.

It is true that men of the ability of Mr. George Ade and Mr. "Dooley" turn out remarkably clever articles from day to day, but there are but few of us that can expect to show the versatility of Mr. Ade or the humour of Mr. "Dooley."

Often it happens that a youth in the beginning of his newspaper career chooses journalism, not as a life's work, but with the intention of mingling with the people of culture in a city, and of seeing every strata of society from the highest to the dregs—"sociological work," as he is often pleased to call it. Yes, he often meets the "blue-blooded gentry," but not on a social level. If he is sent to write up an "exclusive" entertainment, a

charity ball or the *début* of an heiress, the hostess may receive him with smiles, treat him in an agreeable manner, and even open up a bottle of champagne for him, or introduce him to her daughter, but this is done to influence his article. The daughter may be a sweet girl and answer his questions in an interesting manner, but no offer to call a second time is held out to him. Their acquaintanceship is at an end on his departure.

I question the opinion as to whether the experience of seeing the lowest dregs of society is of much value to him. Knowledge of this kind tends to blunt his finer qualities of soul and intellect. At times it makes him feel that he is doing a positive harm to another; especially so when he is forced to publish news he would like to suppress, believing that it will injure another's reputation; but he knows that if another and less conscientious reporter gets hold of the same material, he himself will be "scooped." Then again the newspaper's orders are to bring his article into the office and that the editors will hold it back if it is to be suppressed. It is, however, never suppressed unless it is in its nature libelous.

There are some that hold that a study of the dregs of society is necessary for a man entering the practice of law; that knowledge of this kind will be beneficial to him in building up his clientage and in cross-examination; that it gives him a wide circle of acquaintances that are ever in the police docket. But yet this truth is evident, that if a man shows ability, this class of people is often more of a detriment than a help to him. We may grant that it will satisfy a reporter's curiosity to know the different strata of society; that it will tell him how to treat people of that kind if he is again brought in contact with them, but to make journalism a lifelong work is another question.

Every reporter is desirous of becoming an editor or a manager, but this is not possible. His hours are long, and perhaps as he is finishing his night's work he hears a 4-11 fire alarm, and he must get to that fire irrespective of rain or cold. Here he must remain until the danger is over. If he intends to make this kind of work a life's work, what is there in it for him? In another business or profession he can look ahead, and see after ten years of labour a comfortable income; but if he looks ahead ten years in newspaper work he sees himself a salaried employee, drawing the same salary,—perhaps a lower one; he is making a

decent living, nothing more. If he enters newspaper work with the intention of getting experience, well and good. There are some, however, for whom this kind of life ever has a charm, but to me it seems that Mr. George Ade sums up the situation admirably when he says: "Yes, it [newspaper work] is good as post-graduate university training; but when you are drifting on in the thirties and a friend tries to coax you into a business or another profession, do not resist."

Mountain Life.

During my last vacation, in company with a civil engineer, I spent two months surveying on the Talcott Mountains, near Farmington, Conn. The uninhabited cottage in which our hammocks were erected, was surrounded on the north by a rugged bluff thick with cedars; on the south and east by a circular ridge of woodland, and on the west by the Farmington valley, beyond which rises a range of sombre hills. Here, subject to the bites of legions of mosquitoes and the crashing thunder-storms that almost nightly added terror to those regions, we passed the sultry days and nights of July and August. We boarded with a Scotch family who lived near by and who were so kind as to furnish us with tubs wherein we washed our clothes.

My companion was a fine story-teller. Many an evening we would sit smoking under the pines outside our door talking about Europe through which he travelled a year ago. With rapture I listened to his descriptions of Italy, Switzerland and Spain—their bright skies, their golden sunsets, their magnificent churches, their enchanting music, their picturesque rivers, their placid lakes; and then I would turn to our own crimson West, and watch the sun go down, glory-crowned, behind the western ridge that looked so smooth and shapely beyond the Farmington river. Often of an evening, when my comrade went to join the Scotch family in a Presbyterian hymn, I would sit alone, dreaming as it were; and my fancy would kindly lead me back to a sea-girt land thousands of miles away; and there I would live again the bygone, happy days. The green fields and the moors, the ruined castles and the ivied towers, would serenely glow in the declining hours of day, and smile in peace before the rolling melody of the vesper bells.

J. HARTE.

In the Baggage Car Ahead.

JOHN L. CORLEY, 1902.

I was on an East-bound train for Portland; I felt quite free from care, and my mind had nothing to occupy it. No wonder then my attention was attracted by a child just in front of me as I sank into the chair nearest a window when the train began to move.

The little girl was lying on the plush chair, thrown back till it almost touched my knees, and her face was half buried in the soft cushion. A pretty golden lock, caught up by a band of ribbon, dangled over her temple and touched with the laces that nestled about her throat. One hand lay, palm-up, upon the chair arm, the other held a rumpled paper bag that was half caught between her knees.

"What a pretty picture," I was saying to myself, when I caught a glimpse of tear stains on her face. Instinctively I glanced up at the person beside the child, a little woman dressed in black, with a worn expression on her thin face and, withal, a sad look in her deep gray eyes as she gazed out the window before me.

"Tired from travel," I said to myself, as I drew out a book which I thought to read; but the child's face again arrested my eye, and I began to speculate upon what had caused the tears. Presently the engine gave a short, shrill whistle, and the little girl was awake in a moment. She looked blandly up and down the car for a moment, and then questioned in a fretful tone:

"Where is he, mamma?"

"Never mind, dear," the woman in black said, "he's all right."

"I want to see Freddie," the child said, tearfully, as she saw her mamma would not answer her question.

"Now, darling," the mother said, "do not cry; you can't see him now."

"Won't I ever see him?" the child asked, plaintively.

"O yes, dear," the mother said, brushing back the tangled curls from the troubled little face.

"When, mamma?"

"After a while, dear."

"To-morrow?"

"When we get home, yes."

"What did they put him in that old box for?"

"O dear! they had to, that's all."

"What did Freddie do, mamma, that made the men put him in the box?"

"Nothing, darling. Mamma's tired now, don't bother her—go to sleep."

In a little while the child looked up with tear-filled eyes and questioned pleadingly:

"Won't Freddie smother in that old box, mamma?"

The woman leaned over and kissed the little tear-stained face and pressed the curly head up close to her breast, and soon the child was wandering again in dreamland.

I opened my book again, but somehow I could not start to read. My mind was occupied with a plenty of thoughts now, and I began to wonder if I could do nothing for the woman and little girl. They were evidently alone. I wondered where the father was. It could not be he that was in the box; I was convinced from the start that it was the child's father until she spoke of Freddie. The woman was not poorly clad and the child wore a beautiful frock—they were not poor. They were off on a journey or visit and the little fellow had met with an accident, or something of that nature, was the explanation that I thought most plausible, and I opened my book a third time to read. I had not read a line when the child started up in her troubled dream and muttered, "Freddie in a box!" and with a sigh was still again.

All kinds of questions began to come to me, and as the busy trainmen hastened up and down the aisle, I thought that I might be of some help in some way. I had come upon the train with absolutely nothing to occupy my time, and I thought perhaps I had not been idle for no purpose. I looked down at the rose-tinted cheeks again, all flushed and stained, and saw the pretty white forehead draw up in little wrinkles, as though the young brain was trying to solve the awful mystery why Freddie had been put in the box. Death was not a pleasant subject of thought for me sitting there, and I did not wonder that it was so much of a mystery to the sleeping child.

As I looked up to the mother's face; it seemed almost contrasted with the pathetic expression of the child. I could see only the profile of her face as she gazed down at the little girl's feet, and a faint smile seemed playing about her lips. I guessed that she was wandering in fancy to brighter days when those little feet set a merry chase for Freddie's, and that the joyful laughter of

childish glee was coming back to her through the silence. But the smile was lost in a moment when the sleeping child moved uneasily in her dreams, and the whole attention of the mother was turned again to the little troubled face.

"I'll go up," I said to myself, "and find out where the coffin is to be put off, maybe I can be of some assistance, if it must go far." Then I remembered she had said that they would not see Freddie till to-morrow when they got home.

As I passed up through the car, some of the passengers were deeply interested in books or papers; some lounged carelessly on the soft chairs; others watched the farm-houses, fields and hillsides as we dashed past, all wholly unconscious of any suffering around them. In the smoking car there was noise and laughter. Men sat playing cards, while others sat facing each other telling jokes, breaking into shouts of laughter as I passed along.

"Truly," I said as I entered the baggage car thinking of the little troubled face and the coffin that must be in my very presence—"truly you laugh and the world laughs with you; weep and you weep alone." I said aloud to the brakeman, "I want to go in a moment."

"All right," he said, and I passed in.

The long car was well packed with trunks, travelling bags and boxes, piled in regular rows to the ceiling. The little light that broke the gloom revealed the tags on great trunks on their way from California, and little trunks covered with labels from foreign hotels. Here were boxes roughly thrown in on ends, there were packages in a heap for all parts of the country. I could not see any box that looked like the one I had expected to find; but finally the baggage man threw the door open wider as he stepped out, and then a flood of light revealed a small box at my right. As I turned to see it better, a little square-headed, box-jawed, marble-eyed bull terrier snarled at me through the openings in the top, and looking a moment I saw the name "Freddie" was engraved on the silver collar around his neck.

THERE are natures which, like æolian harps, give forth a musical response to every breath blown upon them. It may be a defect, but it is delightful. The facility with which they feel the emotions of others, gives charm to their own.—*Spalding*.

A Letter.

HENRY E. BROWN, '02.

DEAR MISS CO-ED.:

IN days of old, 'tis said, the truant knight
 For pardon begged on lowly bended knee;
 But now indeed 'tis changed,—on paper white
 I wish to make to you my humble plea.

Sine dubio, as we Latin scholars say,
 I must have been blacklisted long ago
 For not repaying, ere this tardy day,
 The great epistolary debt I owe.

But don't condemn me till my case is heard;
 Give me that chance which justice ever gives:
 To try to gain reprieve by deed and word,—
 The offender still may hope on while he lives.

How many times since your first letter came,
 I've been about to write you a reply,
 Could you but know, you would not so much blame
 The tardiness now criminal in your eye.

The basket 'neath my table bears a true
 And most unanswerable witness to the score
 Of half-completed notes addressed to you,—
 Alas! They were addressed, and little more.

Full oft I sat me down with firm intent
 To write the answer due so many days;
 But still in planning all the time,
 To work out something that might gain your praise.

And when I thought to use the study hour
 For full completion of your note begun,
 Then came the real debate, the test of power,—
 And, I must freely own, that study won.

For as my eyes stray from the written sheet
 And seek for inspiration on the walls,
 By some mischance the first object they meet
 Is my companion in the lecture halls.

And as my gaze rests on that book of notes
 Which holds much wisdom bunched in little lumps,
 This solemn thought through my dulled fancy floats:
 "Young fellow, here is where you get your bumps!"

Then from a corner shelf there comes a neigh;
 My pony for old Plautus makes his kick,
 Gives me the horse-laugh and then seems to say:
 "You'll drive me with one hundred lines or stick."

My case is done, my bulwarks down;
 Beaten, defeated, whipped, I leave the field;
 My books have won the day, they wear the crown;
 My pleasure to my work is forced to yield.

And now that you have heard what I would say,
 Have heard my explanation to the end,
 I shall subscribe myself—I hope I may—
 As I once did before, simply, "Your Friend!"

And from the topmost shelf John Stuart Mill,
 And Walker too, frown sourly down on me;
 And stare at me with looks that like me ill,
 Through the green goggles of Economy.

The learned Mill in righteous wrath doth rise
 And say: "You're not productively employed;
 You're not in a productive enterprise;
 You're not producing wealth,—your work is void."

And Walker but repeats what Mill has said;
 He answers, "Them's my sentiments!" each time.
 And as they heap abuse upon my head,
 I wish them safer in much warmer clime.

The stolid neighbour to the learned Mill,
 A ponderous German dictionary appears;
 And I with awe gaze up at it until,
 "Kannst du Deutsch sprechen?" rumbles in my ears.

Then from the farthest corner comes a call,—
 A little book whose leaves are not yet cut—
 "Puede Usted hablar en Espanol?"
 And still my tell-tale lips are tightly shut.

I offer no defense, but sadly turn
 To my old note-book, hoping there to find
 Some arguments against my judges stern,
 Some reasons to make firm my wavering mind.

But here I get the hardest cut of all,
 For while I tell myself I'll happy be
 In giving happiness—however small—
 To you by my reply, these lines I see:

"True happiness is after all a flower
 Which blossoms only on the grave;
 And the fruit thereof is tasted on
 The shores of Eternity."

A Transformation.

GEORGE O'CONNOR, 1904.

It is not always the grand display of art or science, or the most noted of picturesque scenes, that leave the deepest impression on our minds. The remembrance of a world's fair grows dim, and the grandeur of Niagara is soon forgotten, but he that has ever seen the transformation that takes place each year upon some of the mountains of southern Mexico can never forget it.

A few years ago I was obliged to make a trip through the mountains in that part of the country. It was during the month of May, but the tropical rains had not yet come to break the drought and terrible heat.

After I had been riding a "spike-shod" mule for nearly six hours between the gigantic walls of a canyon, and had followed the windings of a narrow trail, as it swung from ridge to ridge, or twisted from one side of the canyon to the other, or submerged itself in the shallow rivers that divided the mountains, I came to a cool mountain spring. Here the mule, as well as myself, weary from the extreme heat was pleased to take a rest.

Beside the spring was a large boulder in the shade of which I ate my lunch. While sitting there I began to observe my surroundings. A deathly stillness reigned over all, not even a bird could be seen or heard. The sun itself seemed to stand still in the heavens, as if its only mission was to fire the already scorched and smouldering earth. The mountain sides were red with burnt vegetation, except here and there where ledges of rocks and boulders bleached from exposure were shimmering under the glowing rays of the sun; a stream of water, which poured from an opening several hundred feet above, seemed to be suspended from the mountain side, so steadily did it flow, and a few white clouds were resting motionless like lazy sheep upon the mountain side. Beyond all this I saw the high peaks towering upward into the gray sky. Then I thought how befitting, how well did they answer as monuments to mark the grave of a dead, forsaken and accursed land.

While yet bemoaning the misfortunate and desolate country I noticed the clouds, which had been lying quietly, start from their resting-places with great commotion, and rushing confusedly as if in fear of some terrible disaster.

A moment later a dead, rumbling sound broke the silence in the south; it grew louder and louder until at last I saw coming, pushing itself through the canyon, filling it almost from top to bottom, a black mass of clouds. I understood the situation immediately. It was an electric and rain-storm, the usual forerunner of the wet season. It was a severe one, for within a short time the mountain sides vibrated under the terrific blows of the lightning as it darted from side to side, as though rebounding through its own force, and the rain fell in streams rather than drops. The storm eventually passed; but it had remained long enough to transform the appearance of the entire scene. The sun now glided joyfully over the clouds; the waterfall had burst forth from its lazy pace, and sprang headlong into a swollen stream below; the shimmering rocks were now glittering with drops of rain, and a few stray clouds were moving up the canyon. The mountain peaks were no longer bare, they had taken on a white coat of snow. The *siempre-vive*, which had appeared to be a mass of blasted vegetation, was opened by the rain, and turned up its green heart to the refreshing air.

The change was marvellous, for now from the snow-line above to the edge of the swollen stream below the mountain seemed to be covered with a beautiful mantle of green. Rock squirrels had come out from their cavern abodes, and were on all sides celebrating the occasion with their joyful chatterings, and a flock of parrots, which likely had been drawn ahead of the storm and afterwards overtaken by it, were sitting upon some shrubs filling the air with shrieks of joy.

Song.

FRANCIS C. SCHWAB, '02.

Although thou art not sere with age,
I honour thee, I honour thee.
And when the wintry tempests rage,
I love to see, I love to see,
Thy towers pointing to the sky
With steady aim, with steady aim,
As though the storm you would defy,
O Notre Dame, O Notre Dame!

And when the summer sun shines warm
And skies are blue, and skies are blue,
You're flower-bedecked of every form
And varied hue, and varied hue.
I love thee for thy goodly worth;
I love thy name, I love thy name,—
It is the sweetest name on earth,
O Notre Dame, O Notre Dame!

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REPORTERS.

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—We take pleasure in announcing that a medal for the Commercial Course has been established at the University by Mr. Arthur C. O'Brian of Loogootee, Ind. Mr. O'Brian was the winner of two honours in 1887, the Carroll Hall medal and a freshman medal.

—The opinion as advanced by Prof. Brander Matthews, of Columbia University, and of Miss M. Carey Thomas, Dean of Bryn Mawr College, in the *Literary Digest* a few weeks ago, "that the English language as spoken in America will become the standard of the world," has called forth some hostile criticism. A writer in the *Philadelphia Times* answering this says, that if English as spoken in America becomes the standard throughout the world a retrograde movement will certainly take place, "for certainly that must be a retrograde movement which would make the strident tones and monotonous inflection of the American the standard of English speech." Mr. George Riddle, the eminent actor and Shakspearian reader, advances a similar opinion, holding that the "United States has its own indigenous dialects which may be classified broadly as Yankee, Western and Southern." And that the "diffusion of these dialects into our everyday speech, if allowed to proceed, will work ruin to the beauty of the language."

Our Guests.

During the week we have had as our distinguished guests Archbishop Christie of Portland, Oregon, and Bishop Orth of Vancouver, Canada. Archbishop Christie officiated at the students' Mass, Sunday morning. Shortly after Mass, the band, under the direction of Professor Roche, and in front of the Main building, serenaded the Archbishop. The orchestra played during the noon meal. Mr. William Shea, of Ashland, Wisconsin, made the address of welcome. He said:

MOST REV. ARCHBISHOP AND RT. REV. BISHOP:

Notre Dame is always partial in her welcome to distinguished visitors—not for the bare reason that they are distinguished, but because of what they are and what they have done to merit their dignity. And as there is no dignity upon earth greater than that conferred by the Church of God, you must feel that we are well pleased to have you with us.

Our pleasure in greeting you, Most Reverend Archbishop, is increased by the fact that we think of you as a friend. On the occasion of your last visit to Notre Dame you won the heart of every student. The smallest Minim of St. Edward's Hall remembered you for your geniality and evident friendship toward us. The older boys were impressed still more by the few words that you spoke to us here in the refectory. You set forth the object of university training, and in doing so, you disclosed your earnest devotion to Christian principles and your heartfelt interest in the youth of the land. Many of us remember you for your expression of the thought, that the perfection we should all aim at is to become Christian gentlemen.

In the brief address you made us we became acquainted with you, and we were flattered to know that you were interested in our institution and in us. It helps us in our work to feel that such a man as you thinks of our welfare, and wishes us success in our efforts.

We are glad to have you with us, and we ask you to accept the heartiest greetings of the students of Notre Dame.

Archbishop Christie in his reply stated that he was ever the friend of Catholic education. He held that that system of education which aims at the development of a man's intellectual side to the detriment of his religious and moral, is false. He contended that the world is full of opportunities for young men of strong moral fibre. He called on those that had received their finer development at a Catholic University to be exemplars in their conduct of life of all that is true and noble.

After listening to words like Archbishop Christie's we felt our aspirations rise till they lifted us above the materialism of everyday life.

The Visit of Archbishop Riordan.

Wednesday Archbishop Riordan of San Francisco came to the University on his way from the East. The Archbishop is one of Notre Dame's most honoured sons. A reception was tendered to him in the refectory, where the orchestra played some very sweet music during the dinner. At the table with him were Most Reverend Archbishop Christie, Rt.

from a man of Archbishop Riordan's loftiness of purpose, must necessarily have great weight. He showed the grandeur and dignity of the priesthood, stating that a life of this kind is necessarily the highest. He spoke of the times when St. Aloysius' Hall stood where Holy Cross Hall now stands, and of the students that assembled in the chapel then for Nocturnal

Adoration. Later on, as the Archbishop looked along Notre Dame Avenue, he recalled the fact that back in the fifties he and many others, aided by Bro. Benoit, the popular prefect in those days, had helped to survey this same avenue. Mr. J. O'Hara of Minnesota made the address of welcome. He said:

MOST REV. ARCHBISHOP RIORDAN:

The students of Notre Dame extend to you a most hearty greeting. It is a joyous occasion for us at any time to welcome to our college an archbishop of the Catholic Church, but we think ourselves doubly happy in welcoming one who, besides having that dignity, was an honoured student of the University. As a dignitary of the Church, we respect and revere you; as an old student of Notre Dame, we love to look upon you as a personal friend.

Your presence brings us back to the time when you were a student within these walls, to those days of toil and trial for the pioneers of Notre Dame. It is pleasant for us to know that we are following, haltingly though it be, and at a distance, in a path that once was yours. We are proud to remember that you told us on the occasion of your last visit, that you felt whatever you are or have attained you owe to the saintly founders of this institution. You reminded us then that the great question before us was not one of governmental policy, nor of

material progress, nor yet of commercial expansion, but it was: "What kind of men are we going to be?" And in thanking you for the honour you do us in this visit to-day, we want you to feel that we believe, from the bottom of our hearts, the highest ambition any man can have is to answer that question as you have answered it.

The Archbishop's reply was touched with emotion. Time and again was he interrupted with great applause. We print his reply on the following page:



Reverend Bishop Orth, the Provincial, Father Zahm, the President, Father Morrissey, Father Cavanaugh, Rector of Holy Cross Hall, Dr. Guerin of Chicago, and the senior members of the Faculty.

After dinner he visited the different buildings and met the band which had assembled to serenade him. At Holy Cross Hall he held before the seminarians the highest ideal, so that thoughts on a subject of this kind, coming

M REVEREND ARCHBISHOP, REVEREND FATHERS,
PROFESSORS AND STUDENTS OF NOTRE DAME:

I am extremely grateful to you for the words of welcome just spoken to me by one of your students and in your name. I come here always with feelings of great joy mingled somewhat with feelings of deep sorrow. I see the new prospering; I feel that the old has passed away. I see around me all new faces; I feel myself in the presence of new men who are doing their work, and doing it well. But the old men whom I loved so tenderly and with whom my early life was so intimately associated have passed away, and hence over the joy of my coming there falls a cloud of sadness.

I remember reading somewhere of a man who had spent some thirty odd years in the Bastille in the city of Paris, and who when he was liberated from his prison sought at once the haunts of his early days. But he found everything changed: the friends of his youth had disappeared, the very buildings had been displaced by larger and better ones, and feeling himself solitary and alone in the city, he returned to the prison walls,—these at least he knew and he greeted them as his friends. Something like that comes over me when I return to Notre Dame. It is now six and forty years since I came here as a young student, and that is more than a generation; and so it is easily understood how in all these years those who were my professors, who had charge of the growing destinies of this house, have passed away. One thing remains,—Notre Dame's loyal devotion to duty, the desire on the part of those who have charge of this great institution to do the very best they can, and to keep abreast of the times in the intellectual development and religious formation of its students. Thus, the present is linked to the past by the substantial bonds of continuity, and Notre Dame's life is one series of growth without interruption from the humble institution with which I was connected to the magnificent institution of to-day. And therefore, my past, although the actors in the scene have passed away, belongs to the present and is connected with it.

I repeat here what I said before, and what I have said in many parts of the country: The formation of my mind is due almost entirely, not merely to the lessons which I received here and to the religious instruction which came from lips that were to be revered, but principally from the character of the men who, in the providence of God, were the founders of this institution. Among the very great men of the American Church were the men who came into this wilderness over forty years ago, and laid the foundations of this institution. And I never think of Father Sorin without associating him in my mind, not only with the very greatest men in the American Church, but with the very founders of religious orders from the very beginning of the entire world. Not only with the great bishops of this country, but with the great spiritual Fathers, such as St. Benedict, St. Francis, St. Ignatius of Loyola and St. Dominic. Father Sorin, though the Church has not canonized him, lives in our hearts with saintly memory and with the prayers and benediction of those who have received benefits of his training.

My dear young men, you are here to prepare for a momentous work. As I understand it, the object of this college is not to make learned men. It is a great mistake to think we know much when our college course is ended; when we go out of the college we do not know much, we know but very little; and the object

of a boy's stay in this college is to prepare himself to be a student when he leaves it. He is to receive here a discipline of mind, a formation of character, a training, so that when he goes out into the world he may be able to go on with whatever studies he may have taken up in his college days. Here you are assembled to prepare for the future; here your intellects are to be properly developed, and principles of knowledge implanted in them.

But you are in a Catholic college, and all your training must be dominated by the principles of our holy religion. I wish you to understand here in your early days that it is better to be good than to be great; it is better to be a good man than a great man. Conduct, after all, and character are the great things in every man's life, and these his education should lead him to. Therefore, the Church is so particular about the formation of the minds and hearts of her subjects. We are firmly convinced,—and our conviction is the result of nineteen hundred years of experience—that any education that is not under the control of religion, not guided by the religious spirit, must lead not to God, but from God; and in its results it is atheistic. There is no such thing in the world as a non-sectarian college, non-sectarian teaching. Every question that comes before the intellect of man has its root in some principle that bears upon religion. It is absolutely necessary therefore that young men in the formative days of their education, when their minds are still waiting to be indurated, when they are like the leaves of spring in the midst of green, and nothing perfect—it is absolutely necessary that they should be moulded after a religious pattern, and that the tides of grace should flow into their souls from the great ocean of God's mercy day by day, if the waters of their young lives are to be kept pure and wholesome.

I am afraid that I am going to preach a sermon instead of replying to your cordial greeting, and therefore, I must draw to a close. I am extremely glad to be here. My presence brings back the days that are gone, and the friends I loved so tenderly in youth. I look upon the body of young men before me to-day with feelings of the greatest love. The words of Holy Scripture are brought to my mind: Our Lord seeing a young man, the Scriptures say that "Looking on him, He loved him." And something of the same feeling passes through my own heart as I stand in the presence of so many young men. Looking on you, I love you. There is so much before you. We are in the autumn of our lives; our work is nearly done; we know what we have accomplished; we know how little it is; we may sum up the results. You stand in the springtime of your life; great possibilities are before you. What may you not do? With carefully trained intellects, with sound, clear Catholic consciences, with the love of truth in your hearts, what may you not do to build up religion in the world and to be strong factors in the intellectual and national life of our great country! And as the old Latin proverb says: *Omne ignotum pro magnifico*—"What we do not know, may be well magnified," your possibilities seem boundless, and therefore, my young men, I greet you as you stand on the threshold of a long and, I hope, a happy, useful and fruitful life, and I ask God to shower upon you His greatest blessings. With these few words, I am just going to say one thing more that is always popular with young men: the rector has accorded me the privilege of declaring the rest of this day to be a holiday (Applause).

Notre Dame, 16; Lake Forest, 0.

The plucky eleven from Lake Forest lined up against the Varsity last Saturday on Cartier Field, and though defeated they were not disgraced. Their vim and spirit were admirable, while their plucky resistance to every rush of our backs won them many a cheer from the rooters.

The game which had promised to be somewhat of a walkover for our men, was interesting from start to finish. It also proved to be exciting at times, especially towards the end of the first half when the visitors secured the ball on their own forty-five yard line, and by means of the delayed passes and a series of line bucks by Tibbitts, brought it to our three-yard line. Notre Dame's work, both offensive and defensive, was very loose at times, especially on the part of the linemen. Nothing but straight football was resorted to by our men.

For Lake Forest, Tibbitts put up a superb game. His line bucking and his defensive playing were the features of the game. Peyton, Cooper, McCarter and Biggs, also played a good game. For the Varsity, Lonergan and Shaughnessy played remarkably well. As usual, Sammon's line bucking was always in evidence. Doran was tried at half-back, and his long gains through tackle and guard, and his brilliant defensive playing greatly increased his popularity with the rooters. Coleman hit the line like a veteran. Quarter-back McGlew passed through another game without a fumble, a feat which can be accomplished by but few quarter-backs in the country.

THE GAME.

Sammon kicked off forty yards. Lake Forest was immediately forced to punt, sending the ball thirty yards to Sammon. Doran made twenty yards through left tackle. Sammon bucked centre for ten yards; Doran added eight more through guard, and Coleman plunged through tackle for three. Sammon again hit centre for ten, and a moment later plunged through tackle for twelve. Doran found a hole through tackle for eight; Coleman hurdled the line for five, and Sammon tore through to the ten-yard line. From here Sammon carried the ball over in one plunge. No Goal. Score: Notre Dame, 5; Lake Forest, 0.

Lake Forest kicked off to Sammon who returned twenty before he was downed. Again our fellows began a steady march to the visitor's goal, Doran, Coleman, and Sammon

making nice gains of from five to twenty yards. Capt. Fortin was pushed over for the second touchdown. No Goal. Score: Notre Dame, 10. Lake Forest, 0.

At this point began that fierce onslaught on our line which for a time threatened to result in a touchdown for the visitors. Luck, however, intervened in our behalf, and time was called with the ball on our three-yard line. During the last few minutes of play Gillen was obliged to retire from the game owing to a badly torn ear.

During the second half, the play on both sides was much better. Lake Forest's plucky lads went into the game with the determination to score, but the defense of Notre Dame strengthened, and held them for downs whenever things looked dangerous. Notre Dame scored another touchdown in this half by consistent playing. Sammon kicked goal. Score: Notre Dame, 16; Lake Forest, 0. The half ended with the ball in our possession in the centre of the field.

THE LINE-UP:

Notre Dame		Lake Forest
Shaughnessy	L. E.	Black
Gillen	L. T.	Biggs
O'Malley	L. G.	Woodard
Pick	C.	Hennings
Winters	R. G.	Wright
Fortin	R. T.	Peyton
Lonergan	R. E.	McCarter
McGlew	Q. B.	Ross
Doran	R. H.	Cooper
Coleman	L. H.	Hamm
Sammon	F. B.	Tibbitt

Score—Notre Dame, 16; Lake Forest, 0. Touchdowns—Sammon, Fortin, Coleman. Goal—Sammon. Referee—O'Dea of Notre Dame. Umpire—Jackson of Lake Forest. Linesmen—Fahey and Krueger. Timekeepers—O'Neill and Rogers. Time of halves—20:00. Substitutes—Lins for O'Malley, Cullinan for Gillen, Preston for Hamm.

Carroll Hall Specials, 36; St. Ignatius, 0.

The Carroll Hall "Specials" overwhelmingly defeated the Saint Ignatius' College second eleven on Cartier Field, Thursday afternoon. The visitors had a slight advantage in height and weight, but the fast team work of the "Specials" more than made up this handicap. The St. Ignatius lads were outclassed at all stages of the game. On the defensive the "Specials" were very strong, allowing the visitors to make their necessary gain but three times, and their offensive work was equally as strong. Cahill's sensational end run of fifty yards for a touchdown was the chief feature of the game. Hall, Sweeney, Fleischer and Foley also did some brilliant work. For St. Ignatius, Heckinger and O'Neill made the best showing

Exchanges.

The Wilmingtonian for October, though meagre, contains both light and heavy matter. One that has studied Greek will find "The Greek Ball" decidedly interesting. It is the most original article in the paper; and originality is a true test of ability.

With the exception of the locals, or "Echoes," there is scarcely any life in the October *Sentinel*. But any paper with heavy and dull locals would be a freak of college journalism. Verse and fiction in a paper are like smiles on the human face; and in the future we hope to see more light matter in the *Sentinel*.

Another example of heaviness is found in *The Central Collegian*. Essays on the poets are very commendable, and offer an excellent opportunity to show one's ability; but verse and fiction are the zest of college journalism.

The plot of the incident, "What If?" in *The Ottawa Campus*, is like the evils that men do: it makes the strongest impression; and aside from the plot, there is little to the incident. More characterization and a smattering of conversation would make "What If?" a commendable story; but good characterization is the chief requisite for any piece of fiction. The vigour in "The Last Chapter" and "Life at Seymour Hall" is due chiefly to the animated conversation. "Marie's Letter" runs along in an original manner. Those who have been obliged to explain a football game to an unsophisticated young lady can more readily appreciate "Marie's Letter." The Ex-man of *The Campus* seems to have a mind that is rather peculiarly constituted. A certain college paper "is filled with spicy notes, is printed on attractive paper and is free from advertisements. It contains the usual number of heavy literary articles." He welcomes that paper as "a rest for our weary mind." Think of it! "heavy literary articles" "a rest for our weary mind"! One might as well try to rest the body by playing football. The book-reviewer somewhat overestimates "The Crisis." The novel has a certain cleverness, but like most of the popular novels, "The Crisis" will be almost forgotten in a year or so. G. W. B.

Local Items.

—The second team in St. Joe Hall played the Specials to a standstill Wednesday afternoon, preventing the latter from scoring.

—A great game of football was waged on Carroll Hall campus last week between rival teams under Captain Williams and Captain Carey. After much discussion, line-bucking and punting, the game was called a tie.

—With the possession of a new piano, gotten under Father Houlihan's direction, and the artistic decoration of the interior by Brother Florian, St. Joseph's Hall is fast becoming one of the cleverest halls in the University.

—St. Edward's Hall "Specials," captained by J. Berteling, and the second eleven under T. McDermont, will play a series of games to see which team will be entitled to wear an M. S. on its sweaters. The games begin on November 10.

—The Law Debating Society opened up its work on Wednesday. The question discussed, "Resolved, That trusts are an unmitigated evil" caused some warm discussion. The arguments advanced by Messrs. Mitchell, Corley and Green were able and logical.

—We note with pleasure that Dr. D. J. Molumphy is sparing no pains in bringing before the public his latest work, "My Impressions of Niagara." It is now in the hands of his publishers, Mike Daley and Son, and will be ready in a few days, bound in goatskin.

—In the early part of the week the Carroll Hall "Specials" defeated Howard Park of South Bend by a score of 22-0. Foley, Sweeney and Cahill behind the line did excellent work. Not a fumble marred Brown's playing at quarter-back, while Brand and Rhodes showed cleverness in the way they prevented end runs. If Captain Fleischer keeps his excellence as a punter he will some day be heard from.

—We feel sorry to have to announce to our anxious subscribers that owing to the sudden departure of the celebrated author, Dermott MacRubens, who shuffled off to town last Monday at midnight, and there slept, we are unable to publish the life of Sheekey, the plunging tackle, in this week's issue. The author closed his eyes just as the bell in the steeple announced the twelfth hour, and shortly afterwards he got up, dressed, and then left on the Eastern "Flyer." His last words were, "I go, but I return not." Then he evacuated. It appears that at the supreme moment his supply of money gave out, and with rare presence of mind he gracefully flopped on his ear and took courage. His friends attribute his going to shortage of cash supply, brought on by some means or another.

His friends, however, claim that it was caused by remorse of conscience. The latter theory is probably correct, as an X-Ray photograph revealed two or three small lumps, resembling remorse, firmly embedded in the thorax. This was the author's first attempt in the field of literature, and we also believe his last.

—The Sorinites gave a smoker last Saturday night, and celebrated the arrival of the new piano. No invitation was neglected on this most important occasion, and Admiral Boots occupied a prominent position on one of the tables. Early at the post was every guest, for it was rumoured that the Musical Twins, Selfconshus and Teddibus, assisted by Dinky Dicer, would "perform on the piano." These gentlemen are well known in the musical world. The twins play music common folk understand not,—known as classical; and Dinky Dicer plays the real tunes you can whistle,—known as ragtime. The twins have already given their photographs and locks of their hair to admiring young ladies.

Tommie was master of ceremonies; and with all the consequences and complacency of a man who had never seen his equal, and never expected to, he welcomed the guests with such a motion as Adam made to Eve when he showed her the world was all before them. He also introduced Selfconshus and Dinky Dicer, saying that he expected Teddibus later in the evening. The musicians were received with murderous applause. The excitement was great, and the cigars were passed over with contempt.

"Elsie," of course, was the hero of the evening; he talked much and loudly, and several of the younger members went into hysterics at his wit. Dinky Dicer hammered ragtime out of the piano with the rapidity and brilliancy of stars bursting from a rocket on a dark Fourth-of-July night. In the meantime Gorman, who was smoking his first cigar, went into a pipe dream, and was carried from the room by "Brassband" Wolf, the Elder.

The evening wore on apace, and Teddibus had not put in an appearance. "That hope deferred which maketh the heart grow sick" was felt by many of the Anti-Ragtimers, and Mulvey was solicited to ask his friend, Kroutsteiner, to favour the guests with a song. "Certainly," said Mulvey, and with the grace of a canvasser at a church fair, he called upon Kroutsteiner to gratify all present with a song. The latter smiled and bowed. All eyes were turned upon him. He arose—a sigh escaped from all present—and sung in a solemn manner "Are there any More at Home Like You?" His effort received tumultuous applause and scraping of feet.

V. Oigt was the next called upon, and he suggested that he would read, as he was not much of a singer. A hurried consultation of the Committee of Arrangements was called,

and V. Oigt was sent to the Library with a note calling for the "Biography of Eve's Mother." He returned in the course of an hour, and said the librarian had sent him with a second note to St. Joe Hall to get a tambourine; here he had been referred to the Gym, but could find no one there. The committee then passed the cigars, and asked V. Oigt to go way back and sit down. Dancing followed. The grand march was led by Fill-up O'Neill and "Lex" Coquillard. The Committee of Arrangements were the recipients of much praise for the excellent manner in which they managed the affair. Among those not present were Ex-Chief Kinney, Earl of Way Lee, and Wieniewurzer.

—Messrs Meihers and Kel Lee, the worthy collaborators, after a few weeks of silence, publish their second volume on English History. The chapter on the "Wooing of 'Heine' S. Teiner" they offer with no apology.

WOONG OF HEINE S. TEINER.

"As the taste is so the bretzel,
As the cabbage, so the sauerkraut,
As the steam pipes so the heat, heat,
I must woo the maid, 'Hot Wather.'
Thus the youthful 'Heine' S. Teiner
Said within himself and pondered;
And he called the German brass band
From their feast of broken pretzels
To blow music at the window,
Of his dear and ever loved one,
She, the charming maid, 'Hot Wather.'
At first came 'Wienie' Werr Zer,
And his horn about his body,
For his heart was full of music,
And his shoes were full of feet, feet,
And his face had lost its moonlight,
As in doleful accents said he,
'Woo no maiden 'Heine' S. Teiner,
Never leave the German brass band.'
But Heine never answered,
As he turned to greet another,
Who had come like Lord Napoleon,
Grand as any 5 foot 4 man,
As blew him full of breath, breath,
Patronizing 'Wienie' Werr Zer—
It was 'Brass Band' Wolf, the Younger.
Then came Studie, the entrancer,
Football hero and maid charmer.
There were bristles on his lip, lip,
That his friends had called a moustache.
'I will help you win the maiden,'
In a loud voice called this hero,
'I will help you 'Heine' S. Teiner.
From the shadows spoke up Pet Ritz,
He the only living hat-rack,
And whose smile is like a large crack
In the far-off northern iceberg!
'O you chiefs of broken pretzels
I object to 'Dutchy' Zee Gler.
For he ever chews tobacco,
And he wobbles like a duck, duck.'
Then a cry rose from the brass band,
'Where is Voight?' in one voice cried they—
'He who sings the song of 'Reubin'—
'Reubin' and his 'Honeysuckle,'
Does he seek the tambourine? For
We will never woo the maiden,
Till we have this man, dear Heine.'
From the inside came this lost one,
From the inside of a gas pipe.
Then the band played sweetest music,
Played the songs of muddy waters,

Played the songs of hot potatoes.
 And "Heine" in the starlight,
 Round as any barrel or washtub,
 With his noble brow uncovered,
 And his face all full of moonshine
 Sang this song unto the maiden:
 "Tell me, tell me, maid 'Hot Wather,'
 Is your heart now swiftly beating,
 Like a dasher in a milk churn?
 Tell me if you like our sauerkraut?
 And the music of the brass band?
 If you'll have some broken pretzels?
 Has your sweet voice lost its cackle?
 Will you run the brass band's errands?
 Do you warble like a robin?
 Do you chew old 'Piper Heidsick?'"
 Then the maid came to the window
 As she looked upon the Heines;
 And her face had caught the moonshine
 That reflected from the brass band;
 And her form was like a bed tick
 That lay wobbling on a clothes line;
 And her feet went clipper, clopper,
 Clipper, clipper, clipper, clopper.
 Then she sighing like a furnace
 In full dulcet accents cried, sirs:
 "Heine, Heine, Heine, Heine,
 Heine, Heine, Heine, S. Teiner,
 Yes, my heart is swiftly beating,
 Like a dasher in a milk churn.
 I will run the brass band's errands,
 And will listen to their music.
 And I know I'll like your sauerkraut;
 I will eat all broken pretzels;
 I can warble like a robin,
 And I chew old 'Piper Heidsick,'—
 Take me Heine, Heine, Heine,
 Take me Heine, Heine S. Teiner."
 Then Heine ceased his wooing.
 And he took the maid "Hot Wather"
 To the feast of broken pretzels;
 And the brass band played sweet music,
 As the moon grinned down in laughter.

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